

The Young-mans Ramble.

OR

The Horse can trot, and the Mare can amble:

Here's clipping and kissing, with store of delight,
With Frisking, and Frolicks, as seldome is seen,
To sport all the day-time, and play in the night,
Where Young-men and Maids, do meet on a Green.
To a gallant new Tune, called *Andrew and Mandlin.*



A Andrew, Mandlin, Rebecca and Will,
pretty Peg, with Joseph and Mary,
Peter the Plummer, and Miles of the Mill:
Bessie of the Buttery, and Doll of the Dairy;
They went and gathered young Primroses,
To make them sundrey sorts of Posies.

William put on his Holiday Jacket,
Gryssell put on her Kisset Gray;
Meg had a Ribon hung down to her Blacket,
and so they went gingling all the way:
To solace their lips, and sweeten their labor,
They met on a Green, with a Pipe & a Taboz.

Frankham Frankham is a fine dance,
young To did trip it on her Toes;
And Joan came into the place by chance,
whose cheeks were like the Crimson Rose:
They coupled themselves like Birds of a feather,
And woted it finely altogetoer. (ther,

Jane began to juggle with Thomas,
Humphrey thought to find her there;
Pet Nelly forsooth did fail in her promise,
because she did not like his ware:
Tis a dainty thing to dandle a Baby,
And Joan in the dark, is as good as my Lady.
Keller took Hester by the hand,
come play us a Tune thou trusty Trout:
A match (quoth Roger) and if it doth stand,
and so they jumbled round about,
With Salingers round, & the French Canaries,
That passed Jack-pudding, & all his Regaries.
Ralph got Rachel about the middle,
and Simon sucked up all the Eggs:
Philip did play with his Bag-pipe & Fiddle,
while jumping Joan did shake her Legs,
Her Apron was white, and her Petticoat red,
And they were most sweetly brought to Bed.

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The second Part, to the same Tune.



Paul the Pedler is a bon Blade.
but the Brown-man is another,
For they belong to the Tribe of Gad,
and learn'd this Action from their Mother
Tom Tinkers Ware is special Pettle,
And Dennis did smile like a Furmity-kettle

Richards Feather will never leade wagging
James and Nan in the Cole-hole are gotten
And simple Nick will never leade bragging,
because his Father is dead and rotten.
When lack from Mary her Portion had got,
'Tis need that makes the Old-woman trot.

Robins nose will never leade dropping,
hang up sorrow, cast away care :
And Cupid catch't young Sarah napping,
as Moss by chance did catch his Pare,
Her Apron is to host before,
Which made poor Margery cry full sore.

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Old smel-smock Sam delights to bow,
for love will creep, where it cannot go :
Neds nose will serve for a poor-mans Sow
and Kate did tread upon his toe :
Young-men do love to be with Paids,
And Gillian was like the Queen of Spades,

Clim the Carrier is come home,
and brought to town good Fish & Mustard,
Precilla did dance a Jig with Tom, (ard,
which made his buttocks quake like a Cuff-
With clipping and kissing, & kind embraces
The young-men tumbled about with their
Lasses.

Locky and Ienny with Arthur of Bradly,
Roger of Coverly and his consort,
Did trick and trim it wonderfull madly,
and so they concluded, & ended their sport,
The Horse can trot and the Pare can amble
And so I end my Country Ramble, Finis.